THE

BRITISH WORKWOMAN



FAITH.

(See Large Engraving.)

In presenting to our readers the symbolic figure of Charity (see No. 16), we took occasion to remark on the kindred vaces with which Chartry was associated —nuncly Farra and Horg. The Charity about which the Apastle Paul speaks in the thirteenth chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians, is something very different from the generous impulse of a benevolent nature; it is higher, better, more comprehensive than anything of which the unchanged human heart is enpable. It springs from Farra in our Load Jesus Charst, and that which "is not of fellic is in."

faith is sin."

FAITH. We need not bewilder each other, dear reader, with scholastic definitions of faith, nor draw nice distinctions between its various phases. For a minute, look at the figure by which this grace is symbolised by our artist. A woman scated on a rock, her fort firmly trending down a serpent, her arms about the cross, on which there hangs a crown of thorns, an open Gospel by her side—a finger pointed heavenward!

neavenward! What do these things suggest? That we poor mortals—week, erring, sinful—with evil hearts, alienated from God, with stubborn wills unsubdaced by His grace, with dark doubts, dismal forebodings unilluminated by His light—may still find Peace and Rest.

Peace and Rest, where shall they be found? Not in wealth, not in what the world calls pleasure, not in the retreat from the world and the fealm musings of philosophy. There is in all of us—hide it as we may—deny it as we may—a sense of sin—of sin that separates us from God our Father, and that makes us tremble at the thought of Death and Judgment. There is no peace—no rest for the soul under these convictions. The poor trembling spirit looks round wearily lor refuge—like Noah's dove, futtering over the waste of waters, it can find no rest until it coues to the ark—Christ.

to the ark—durns.

Dear reader I ask yourself, are you ready to meet God? to stand at His judgment bar? have you confidence that He will acquit you and welcome you? You hesinate, you turn pble, you tremble! Why? Because the sense of unpardoned sin is upon you; hecause you feel the hite of the serpent, and know—as God knows—that dying as you are now, you die the death that never dies.

But there is no hesitation in your answer—there is a bright smile on your face, the language of joy and confidence on your jis. Why? Because you believe; because—as those who were bitten by the fiery serpents in the wilderness lifted up their eyes to the brazen scrpent, and, believing God's word, lived—so you have flooded to Jesus, who bears our sins in His own hody on the tree. You have fled to Him, you have found a refuge in Him, you have cast yoursell entirely upon Him; you have no other. Christ died for me; I believe it, my Faith relies on Him.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want, More than all in Thee I find, Raise the failen, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind. Just and holy is Thy name, I am all unrightcousness; False and full of sin I am, Thou art full of grace and truth.

Faith takes God at His word. It believes that all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God; that the soul that sinneth must die; that death hash passed upon us all, in that all have sinned. But it is litted out of the despondency into while these facta must plunge it, by believing that God hath found a ransom, that "God so loved the world as to give His only begotten Son that whosever believeth on Him might not perish but have everla-ting life." It looks to Jesus "the author and finisher of our faith," the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the ending of our salvation, and relies on God's words, "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all in." All sim—however deep, however beinous, however agravated—it cleanseth from all—no sinere too vile for Christ to save. "He was wounded for our transgressions, bruised for our inquities, the chastisement of our peace was upon him; by his stripes we are healed." "All we like sheep have gone astray, but the Lord hat held on Him the iniquity of us all."

And faith, which brings us thus, through Jesus Christ, into close communion with God—which justifies us from all sins, and makes us, by the converting, regeoerating influence of the blessed Spirit, children of

God—this faith belps us to walk the path of duty—to stand in the evil day, to press toward the mark to the prize of our high calling. What is the victory which overcomes the world?—our faith! To whom is Christ precious?—to them that believe! What quickens to the duties of holy obedience? Faith. "I will shew then my faith by my works!" What is that which promotes inward piety and purifies the heart! Faith, what is that which gives us fortivele in the hour of trial? Faith, "I had fainted unless I had believed!" What is that which spiritualizes the alections? Faithforward is the things which are unseen; and what is that which is to the source of all peace and comfort? Faith, "Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, that ye may abound to hope turough the power of the Holy Ghiss!"

Is this faith yours? Is your house for eternity founded on the Rock of Ages?—Christ is that Rock. Are you leaning for support amid all trials and changes on His cross? Do you giory in it? Are His promises to you exceeding great and precious? Are you, by His help, trampling the evil one beneath your feet? Or is it all to you as a tale that is told?

Dear reader, remember it is appointed unto all once to die. We must all stand before God's judgment sent; we must give account of the deeds done in the body. How will it be with you when death is at hand? How will it be with you in the dread hour of judgment? "There is but one name given among anch whereby they may be saved—the hanc of Jesus only." "He that believeth shall be saved—the that believeth not shall be condemned." "He died for us." "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?"

THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.

"Harnier Elizabeth Georgiana, Duehess of Satherland, is, by connection, one of the very noblest of England's female aristocraey, and by noble deeds the very foremost of noble women. She is the third daughter of George, third Earl of Carliele, K.G., by the Lady Georgiana Cavendish, daughter of William, fith Duke of Devonshire. She was born in 1806, and was muried in 1823 to the Duke of Sutherland, who then boxe, by contresy, the title of Earl Gower. She has been blessed with eleven children, one of whom is the present Duke, another the Duchess of Argyll, another will be Duchess of Leicester, and a third will be Marchioness of Westminster. The Duches of Sattlerland was Mistress of the Robes to the Queen during the liberal administration, until the duke's death in 1861, when she resigned that Lonour-

able office. "But this elevated position, inherited by birth, and obtained by favour, of itself would claim no special notice on the part of the British public: it is the use of her position and station that claims and justly merits admiration and applause. One or two instances may be cited in illustration of the excellence of her judgment, and her hearty sympathy for the oppressed.

10 1851 the cause of the poor slaves in North America excited her active aid. Sie, in common with the whole people of England, had listened to the tales of sorrow and of degradation which the miserable blacks related on their escape from the horrors of their bondage. But, not content with merely listening, she organised a popular movement against the inhuman traffic, which commanded the co-operation of England's enlightened sisterhood. At her town residence, Stafford House, meetings were held, and the famous address to the ladies of America from their sisters in England, expressing, as it did, in proper and feeling terms the strong indignation which the women of England felt for the whole system of the women of England rett for the whole system of slavery, was there drawn up, which received an immense number of signatures. With auch views and feelings, it is no wonder that the Duchess, on the arrival of Mrs. Stowe, whose tale of "Uncle Tom" had held the English people like a spell, should give her the cordial and kindly greeting of a sister. That tale, so wondrous in its elaboration, though a fiction, has been proved in all its material details to be a fact; or, in other words, facts have been wrought into a narrative, the merest details of which would have called up feelings of revolt and indignation in the called up feetings of revoit and inalguation in the breast of every bonest man and woman, but which, surrounded with the genius and pathos of Mrs. Stowe, have literally commanded the interest and attention of a whole nation. Innumerable hearts have been moved by the recital of the incidents of that tale on behalf of a people whose only crime was appearing in a colour designed for them by their

"Well would it have been for the commercial and social prospects of America if at the commencement of 1860 every slave had been declared free. Because this was not done, a curve has come upon the people, which has destroyed their homes, decimated the population, and entailed upon them miseries which must be felt by many generations yet unborn. The certain law of retribution is not less binding upon nations than upon individuals: wrong to man, not less than wrong to God, must have its panishment in this life; and, although at times it may seen that God has forgotten the sin and the sinner, yet there might come a period when the evil shall be punished and the sin meet with its reward. All honour, then, to the Duchess for her willing aid and service in the cause of the poor black. When the history of slavery is written, when all over the world slavery is declared to be a crime, then must honourable mention he made of the Duchess, whose service, if not as distinguishable as that of Wilberforce or Clarkson, is not less nare, not less sincers, not less carnets.

pare, not less sincere, not less carnest.

"And still more recently has this excellent lady won golden opinions in her reception of humanity's hero, Garibidh. This nature's noble, whose carly life was a heritage of suffering but always a protest against wrong and the wrong-deer, found in the Duchess as friend who could appreciate his greatness, who knew that the doors of Stafford House and the lordly Chatsworth could be open to none more truly worthy than the saviour of Italy. It was well that the Duchess and her noble son should fill their saloons with England's rank and talent, to do their guest honour. The proudest of them might well envy the fame and character of that simple man, who sat in their midst uncorrupted by state or pageant; whose tastes, while sitting at the banquet, which would have done honour to kings, were as simple and as primitive as when dining in his island hume. The Duchess did well so to electrain that man; and Garibaldi, in return, taught the lesson of the possibility of living simply and truthfally in the midst of the utnost laxury and profusion. Many who have been great in the field, who could withstand toil and danger, face death if needed, have yet fallen beneath the temptations of the table, or the praise of a whole people. Not so, Joseph Garibaldi. After he left the shores of England, where he had met with more than a Roman triumph, instead of being deatroyed by the flattery and adulation which were poured upon him, he was greater in his unmility, and bad been greater in his deeds and words, than when he first stood upon English ground. The Duchess of Sutherland well interpreted the feelings of England's sons and daughters in her generous reception of Garibaldi. She did that which they would have done. She was honoured, and felt the honour, of heing the ceterainer of A MAN—the highest, hoblest work of God.

daughters in her generous reception of Garibaldi. Sile did that which they would have done. She was honoured, and felt the honour, of being the entertainer of A MAN—the highest, noblest work of God.

"But not to the distinguished merely has the Duchess shown friendship. Many whom the world would have passed or trodden under foot have been rescued and succoured by this noble lady. Art has found in her a patron, and poverty a friend. Her best works have been done without ostentation or parade, her left hand not knowing of the actions of her right; and her nearest relatives and friends being ignorant of deeds of benevulence and charity which have blest the giver and the gift. Well may we say, then, that the Duchess of Sitherland, though in the possession of a hereditary title only inferior to that of royalty, has earned for herself a still higher title, because purchased by a life having for its motto—DUTT!"—"Famous Gift; "by John Mac Darlon.

WEDDEN HAPPINESS.—"There is a place on the earth where pure joys are unknown, from which politicases is handhed and has given place to selfahness, contradictions, and half-weide insults. Remorse and inquietade, like furies that are never weary of assailing, toment the inhabitants. This place is the house of a wedded pair, who have no mutual love, nor even eatem. There is a place on the earth to which vice has no entrance—where the gloomy passions have no empire—where pleasure and innoceuce live constantly together—where cares and labours are delightful—where every pain is forgotten in reciprocal tenderness—where there is an egual enjoyment of the past, the present, and the future. It is the house, too, of a wedded pair, but of a pair who, in wedlock, are lovers still. Nay, what a poor dull world this would be without the presence and the play of the children! Their life is a kind of perpetual sunshine, and they are everywhere diffusing a round them a sort of universal gladness. No one can tell but he that loves his children, how many delicious accentre make his heart dance in the pretty conversation of these dear pledges."

REMINISCENCES OF THE WORK-ROOM.

BY AN OVERLOOKER,

No. II .- HETTY HOWARD.

The girls were working merrily enough one cold day in the winter. Too much noise is prohibited, but this day, it being the master's birthday, was a red one in our calendar, and the girls chatted, or suns, or laughed, as their inclinations prompted them. We had a nice set of girls then, so far as I knew them. had a sice set of girls then, so far as I knew them. Poor Matty Morris and her sad fate had been a warning to them, and they had grown far more steady and cautious than helore. Moreover they had settled down to their work. They had seen that there was a worse fate than that which compelled them to earn an honest livelihood by the industry of their fingers. And as I have said they were merry enough on the an nonest inventional by the industry of their fingers. And as I have said, they were merry enough on the master's birthday, with reason; for, to show his appreciation of the diligent manner in which they had attended to the work lately, he was going to give them half-a-day's holiday, and free admission to a grand connect in the available. grand concert in the evening.

Of course the main point of the conversation was,

as to the dress the girls were to wear. Always an interesting theme, it was especially su now, and everyone intended to luck her very best.

"Of course we shall. As it will cost us nothing

for the concert, surely we can afford to wear our best

" I shall."

"And I," chnrused the others.

"I suppose Hetty Howard will go in her old shawl

and brown homet, said one of them.

At which the others laughed, and the warm blood flushed up into fletty s face and neck.

"I can't think what she does with her money."

"Oh, I know; she is saying it all up. A regular

miser she is, I can tell you." "I dare say, if the truth was known, she would rather have her shilling and stay away from the

"Shall I ask the master for you, Hetty?

She was going on quietly with her work, trying to look nuconcerned at the girl's good humoured raillery. But her eyes swam, and her lips trembled as she tried But her eyes swam, and her lips trembled as she tried to shape them into a smile, replying—" You ask the master, Mary. You know you would be affeid to speak to him, much more to ask him for a shilling." Which apt reply turned the mirth upon Mary, and left Hetty to her own thoughts.

Still this curiosity as to what Hetty did with her company and all which approaches the payer payed of the property of the payer payed of the payer payed of the payer payed the payer p

Still this currosity as to what Hetty did with her money was an old subject. She never paraded the streets and squares on Sanday, dressed out in mockery of a lady. Indeed, although the girst liked Hetty always, there was not one who would not have been ashamed to walk heside her; she looked so shabby. And yet she carned as much as any—more than many

of them.

I may not tell you how I became acquainted with
the following facts; but I will describe to you the
way in which Hetty spent her half-holiday.

On her way home she stopped opposite a bonnet
shop. "Certainly mine is very shabby," she thought
"and I have money enough to buy a new one; but—"
and with a strange sweet light in her eyes, she passed on to another shop, a butcher's; she bought a little lean mutton chop, and hastened home with it. The fire was out, but she soon rekindled it; and, looking as happy as a queen, proceeded to cook the chop and three petatoes. In the midst of her pleasant work, her mother came home.

" You here, Tet?"

"Yes, mother, we have a holiday, it is master's

birthday. Have you had your dinner?"

"No; that is the worst of charing for half a day: you just have to come away as the dinner is ready.
I thought they might have given me some to-day;
but it doesn't matter." And she went to the cupboard and got out some bread and butter.

"Mother, I dare say you would like a chop."
The mother looked at her a little wistfully, but replied, "O no, Hester, I don't care a bit about that."
"Yes, you shall have this one. Now, you needn't say you won't, because you will; I shall run out and get another."

It was placed temptingly before the hungry woman, and she could not resist it.

and she could not resist it.

"Tet, you are a downright good girl, to me as well as Charles,"—but she was gone.

This time she not only went to the butcher's but confectioner's, and at the latter place her purchase was sixpennyworth of calves'-foot jelly. This second chop was taken home, every little bit of fat cut from

it, and then broiled with the greatest attention and

care.
"What shall you have for your own dinner, child?"

Loll have some of "I shall do all right, mother, I shall have some of this fat—you know I always like it."

"You deserve that he should live, Tet; I pray that he may for your sake," said the mother, in a tender tone.

Tet did not reply to that; but the tears came into her eyes.

ner eyes.

The broiled chop was put into a hot plate, and covered over, and Hester put on her old shawl and brown bonnet, and hurried with it through two or three streets, to the door of a house; then she hesitated, and with a true woman's timidity, and dread of impropriety, looked round, afraid of being detected; not seeing any one she knew, she lifted the latch, entered, and went upstairs to a little hack room on the seeond floor. Her tap was eagerly answered by a "Come in."

It was a very small room, but as clean, and com-To wis a very small room, one as cream, and com-fortable, and bright, as poverty could make it. On a rough kind of couch reclined a young man, very helpless, and but for the brightness which her entrance

helpless, and but for the briguiness when her entrance-had brought, very pale and emaciated.

"Now, Charlie, boy, eat this while it's hot, please."
And while he did so, sile busied herself about the room, sweeping up the hearth, and so on.

"I suppose Mrs. Brockley is busy, this morning?"
"Ves. the sardy heap up more."

"Yes, she has only been up once.

"Ah, she must have enough to do with all her "An, she must have enough to do with all her-children. No, you mustri leave a bit of that chop. And as it's a grand day, you know, I have brought a little extrn." And she uncovered the jelly. He took the spoonful she offered him, but somehow

he could not swallow it. A yearning, regretful look came over his face, so painful to see in a man. Hetty

"Oh, Charlie, such granded us the concert to-night!

Such ribbons and laces, such the concert to-night! silks and satins,—and as for the crinolines! I shouldn't wonder if they charged master for two sittings for some of the girls."

some of the girls."
"Are you going?"
"Are you going?"
"Well, I suppose I must, or perhaps Mr. Wright
will think me ungrateful for his kindness; otherwise
I would not. But before I
go, Charlie, I want you to consent to something."

"What?"

"To see the doctor again." "No, no, Hetty. He will have nothing cheering to tell us. I shall remain to trouble you a few more months, until perhaps your last shilling has been spent, and then..."

spent, and then..."
"Nonsense, Charlie, I don't believe it. You must be either better or worse, and I cannot think you are worse. Anyhow, I should like to know his opinion, whatever it may be."

"But I cannot let you incur that fresh expense Oh. Hetty, it is almost more than I can bear, when I think of all you have done for me. I, who thought think of all you have done for me. I, who thought to be working for you, and taking care of you long before this, am lying here as helpless as a child, while you are tolling day and night for me."

"Why, Charlie, you have a proud fit this afternoon,"
"Hetty, do you ever feel sorry that you love me so well?"

so well?

so well?"

"Why, no. Of course not. Why should I?"

"But for that, you would have been far happier and better off, and I should have died long ago in the workhouse. But you load me with kindnesses—and I—O my darling, my darling—" He fairly broke down, leant his head on Hetty's shoulder, and wept.

A very self-willed little woman Hetty must have been, for she fetched the doctor after all.

He examined him. sonnded him. asked about n

He examined him, sounded him, asked about a dozen questions, and gave it as his decided opinion

that the patient was better. "Indeed, there is no comparison between your

state now and when I saw you before."

A kind-hearted man the doctor was, who loved to A kind-hearted man the doctor was, who loved to do good to the poor. He looked at the five-shilling fee which Hetty laid down. "Well, I tell you what," said he, "this money will be sufficient to pay for some strengthening medicine which I will send."

Hetty went to the door with him. He said, "I wanness we could not meane to send him just, the

suppose you could not manage to send him into the country for a week or two? I believe, if he could go to some warm place for change of air, he would soon be well and strong again. In fact, there is little the matter now but weakness."

I think if the girls could have seen Hetty's face at that minute, they would all have wanted to forego the concert, and nek the master for the shilling that they might give it to her.
The Doctor did see it. "Howard," he said, "I

know you are a good, steady girl, and keep well at your work. If you like I will lend you the money. I have no doubt at all that Smith will soon be able to go to work, and then he can repay me.

The girls, gaily dressed with their lovers beside them, seemed greatly to enjoy the concert that night. But Hetty Howard, who came in for an honr, and sat near the door in her old shawl and brown bonnet, had, I ween, a deeper joy at her heart than any of

Charles Smith went into the country and rapidly Charles Smith went into the country and rapidly got well. His old employer promised to take blim back and raise his wages five shillings per week, as soon as he should be able to return. This buoyed up his spirit, and he was soon enabled to resume his occupation. And if he deserves the name of a man, if he is as good as we helieve him to be, what a happy life there is for Hetty. Will he ever feel that happy life there is for Hetty. Wil he ever teel that he has done enough for her, or that he is as good a husband as she deserves? He never will. As soon as his strength was established, he worked almost night and day. They had not much money to heain with; but they engaged a new house, in which, after he had done his day's work, he loved to spend an hour getting ready for Hetty. He painted and papered the rooms with his own hands, and made several articles of farniture. He used to say to himself as he worked, "She shall have everything the best I can get it—she deserves it—God hiess her."

There was great joy at their wedding; for it scaled a compact that had not been entered into thoughtlessly, as some similar ones have been. Charles did not

as some similar ones have been. Charles did not marry Hester for her pretty face, and fine clothes. Hester did not marry Charles because he had treated her to the theatre, and walked about the streets with her. This was an attachment based upon mutual respect, and knowing each other well, they had

respect, and knowing each other well, they had perfect confidence. Moreover, it was an attachment upon which the blessing of Hester's mother rested. And Hester is very happy. Nothing could exceed the thoughtful tenderness of her husband. Men are often sellish in their bones. But Charles considers that he has had his selfish time. He saves her every treable in his power. He never forest to history that he had to be a power forest to his the power forest to his power. trouble in his power. He never forgets to bring home some little dainty on Saturday nights, to tempt her appetite. He does not go to the public bounded to spend the chief part of his earnings—he is too glad to bring them to her.

Hetty never expects to he a lady; but she is a truly enviable person, for she has earned the lasting affection of an honest man—carnt it by her womanly kindness and self-denial.

M. F.

SONGS OF THE WORKERS .- No. 6 BRIGHT DAYS DAWN UPON US ALL.

Tune-"Hard times come again no more."

LET us pause in our sorrows and look the sunny side, Diel us pause in our sorrows and rook the sunny sad While we count our blessings o'er and o'er, Trouble falls on our spirits, but cannot there abide, And past woes shall grieve us never more. Though the night's long and dreary, Bright days, bright days, dawn upon us all;

Bright days, bright days, dawn upon us an; We are rich in the blessings that round ahout us fall, Oh, bright days come to great and small.

We have peace, we have plenty, our hearts are strong

and brave,
And our work keeps measure to our song;
Though our lot may deny us the good we sometimes

Yet the good time coming is not long.

Though the night's long, &c.

Tis a song that is wafted across the troubled sea, The a song trace is watten across the troubled sea, Of the life that is mingled, good and ill; For the good God can see us wherever we may be, And His love shall make us happy still. Though the night's long, &c.

Let us take up our burden, and cheerily go on. Let us take up our phruen, and eneerily go ou, There are bright days coming to the poor; Till the hours of our sorrow for evermore be gone, Let us strive to patiently endure. Though the night's long, &c.

Let us fear not the future, for brighter it shall be, Than the dark days God has helped us through; Let us rise o'er our sorrows, and stand among the free, Let us all he brave and strong and true.

Though the night's long, &c.

The British Morkwoman, OUT AND AT HOME.

APRIL, 1865.

"I BELIEVE THAT ANY IMPROVEMENT WHICH COULD "I BELIEVE THAT ANY IMPROVEMENT WHICH COULD BE BROUGHT TO BEAR ON THE MOTHERS, WOULD EFFECT A GEEATER AMOUNT OF GOOD THAN ANYTHING THAT HAS YET DEEN DONE."—Earl Shaftesbury.

WORDS TO MOTHERS.

CHILDREN are tyrants. There are very few mothers but know this to be a fact. They have decided wills of their own, to which they are ingenious in bending adverse circumstances. Their natures are destructive. Every glittering thing in the house, every beautiful relic that can by any means be pressed into the toy service, is pretty sure to be rapidly broken. Tom, Harry, and Susan all want the same thing at the same time. They cannot each have it. So

there are strugglings, and kickings, and fightings, and cryings, till the mother sighs in bewilderment, "I don't know what to do with the children."

Many mothers must have been struck with a little tale in last month's BRITISH With a little tale in ast month's Birl'11st Workwoman, entitled, "A Mother's Troubles; the Children want something to do." No truer line has ever been written than that, "The Children want something to do." They cannot be idle, and the control of exertion, excitement, activity, are as necessary to them as the food they eat; and if no other way is provided for them, they will use their wits and their limbs by getting into mischief,-after which, of course, they are punished.

Now, Mothers, do not be unjust to the children, do not punish them for your own fault. If you keep them pleasantly and actively employed, they will be good children; if you will not take the requisite trouble, they will be bad, or rather, mischievous. Set them to pick old towels into threads, set them to build houses of bricks and bits of wood, set them to draw men and railway trains and churches on their slates-above all, send them to school. There are plenty of schools. The children can be taken care of, kept clean, made happy, and taught something for about 2d. or 3d. per week, and even less. And yet, who would believe it, hundreds of English Mothers, hundreds of British congists authorises, numerous of Dritish Workwomen, who surely ought to know better, allow their children to cry and quarrel at home, to crawl about the streets, getting filthy clothes, filthy language, filthy habits of all kinds. Why? Either because they, the mothers, will not afford the penny a week, or because they will not take the trouble to wash their children, and mend their clothes. Oh, Mothers, send your little ones to school, and see if good does not come of it.

Will you allow us to remind you of another old, yet ever needful word of advice. Be firm. Say what you mean and stick to it unflinchingly. A boy asks for an orange standing temptingly on the mantle-piece—you refuse; he asks again, and again, and at last you give it him. He has been doing wrong-you tell bim (in a passion) that you will punish him; minutes pass, you grow cool, you think you will let him off this time, that he will forget what you said. Not he. Children have good memories. He will know that you have broken your word, how to believe you next time. Mothers, never say one thing and do another. Let your word say one tuning and do another. Due your doubt be your bond always. Make your children see that what you promise you will perform, whether agreeable or painful to yourselves.

Another little word is, Never give your child a thing because he eries for it. Let him cry. It will do him good, expand his chest, strengthen his vocal organs, and cast him down a bit. It is natural for a mother, hard pressed with work and anxiety, to give the boy what he wants, "to stop his noise." But it is one of the very worst But it is one of the very worst things you can do. It will make him a worse little tyrant than he is. You are sowing the seed of a selfish hard-hearted tyrannical man. It is in him already, and you are fostering it. You are helping the child you love to be fretful, peevish, greedy and despotic. All these things want checking, nay, they require to be kept down by a kind but a very firm and strong hand. Therefore, for his sake, and your own, for the sake of the world in which your child will live and work, and exert an influence, never give him what he cries for. "Hard!" Oh no, it is one

of the greatest kindnesses you can render him.

The Mork Girl at her Mother's Grabe.

My Mother's grave! Oh, let me stay Beside it all this Sabbath day— It is my day of rest, and here My heart would shed its boarded tear— Would think o'er hours of vanished time— Of faults that nor appear like crine! The reckless worl—the heelless way In which I often said her nay-The ignorant ingratitude That made me careless, cold, and rudo.

Oh, Mother, Mother, see me now Oh, Mother, Mother, see me now Upon thy grave in sorrow bow, And kiss the sod that covers thee, And wish that it were heaped on me. Who now looks on me with delight, or says I'm "precious to their sight?" Such kindly words were often thine, And all the thanklessness was mine! And all the thankiesness was limit:
Who looks for me with anxious care,
And sets my frock and smooths my hair,
And stands beside my little hed, And says a prayer above my head?

Oh, Mother! once all this I had,

Oh. Mother! once all this I had,
Was happy, thoughtless, free and glad;
Yet never paused to think I owed
To thee the good that round me flowed.
The tender kiss—the kind caress—
The neal—(which made thine own the less),
All taken, like the bird that comes
And pecks among the scattered crumbs.
On, if those days could back he won
I would not do as I have done—
I do not prepare for after vears I would not do as I have come— I'd not prepare for after years. The pangs that prompt these bitter tears.— My Mother's gravel Oh, let me stay. Here to repent, to weep, to pray.

Another little word is, Make your child happy. How he loves you! You are the first to whom he runs in joy or grief, in perplexity or distress. Give the little heart a sympathy. It needs it as much as does yours, which has been tossed about by many a sorrow, and is often lonely and sad, even now. Do not leave him to be happy in his own way, or to get on as he can without any of your interference. Smile upon him, give him gentle words. Even although he is not the baby by two or three removes, take him into your arms occasionally, and let him be your nestling still. He is old enough now to remember what you do and say to him-feed the little heart with your love, give him tender, pleasant things to think of. Make your child happy.

These may seem very little words, but indeed they are very important. Let any mother who has been negligent of these trifles, patiently and

resolutely perform them for one week, and she will see that they are not little things after all.

It is so much easier to the tired, hard working woman, to let these little things slip, but great and good lives may in a measure depend upon them, and those who sow the good seed weepingly, shall gather the sheaves with triumphant joy.

Above all, pray for the little ones. You know something of the snares and dangers of this treacherous sea of life, upon which they are now launched, and you know it needs even a stronger than a mother's love to save them. Oh, take the children to the Saviour, that He may lay His hands upon them and bless them.

THE HARDSHIPS OF SERVICE,

AND HOW TO MEET THEM.

Service!—It is not a very pleasant sounding word.
There is something harsh and grating in the idea
that it conveys, if not in the word itself.
To have continually too the will of another, and not our own will, is not what we, any of us, like; and is, to some dispositions, so irksome that they would do almost anything to escape the obligation. Many a young girl going home for her holiday, has, no doubt, wished she might never have to go back to her place. If she could be but her uwn mistress, have nobody to please but herself, she thinks she should be quite happy.

Yet, this is to mistake the whole aim and object of life. Neither masters, mistresses, nor servants are sent into this world to please

nor servants are sent into this world to please themselves, and if they were to try and live with no other purpose than selfishly to seek their own happiness, they would but make themselves miscrable and not happy. The giving up of our own wills is not an easy task, but it is a lesson that sooner or nater we all have to learn, and if we refuse to learn it by the general dealings of God towards us, we may perhaps be taught it in to learn it by the general dealings of tood towards us, we may perhaps be taught it in some very painful way. There is this advan-tage in the calling of a servant, that the con-tinual self-denial and self-restraint it requires, are great helps to prepare the heart for the exercise of resignation and obedience to the will of God.

The highest and the happiest life on earth The highest and the happiest life on earth is the life of self-sacrifice, that is—giving up our own pleasure for the good of others, for this it is that brings up nearer to Christ. "He pleased not Hioself;" He who was King of Kings, and Lord of Clory, "came not to he ministered unto, hut to minister," and "took upon Himself the form of a servant." There can, therefore, be nothing degrading in being a servant. The degradation lies in being a head servant, in not trying to do in being a bad servant, in not trying to do our duty in the state of life to which we are called, or in being dissatisfied with that state;

called, or in being dissatisfied with that state; and, in the effort to appear to belong to a higher class, really sinking to a lower level. A faithful and well-conducted servant is worthy of all honour as a servant, not as trying to imitate the appearance of a lady. All her efforts to seem such are as out of place as they are useless.

That servants have many hardships to bear, there can be no question. To enter on the wide world, where all is new and strange-to leave father, mother, brothers, and sister, is of itself a heavy trial to them. They may meet with more outward comforts in service, but they cannot help missing the ready sympathy, the warm affection of their cottage home; and if their employers or their fellow-servants take no interest in their concerns, they must keenly feel their separation from those dear to them.

If, therefore, you are a servant, you must not expect to be without trials. Troubles may come to you from the faults of your employers, of your fellow-servants, or from your own wrong doing. Besides which, you may often meet with vexations and cross-ings of your will that you may fancy to be hardships,

ings in your win really not.

We will first consider the troubles that may be brought upon you by the faults of your mistress. She may perhaps be hard judging and severe; she may exact more from you than you are well able to do, and find needless fault, when you are really trying to do your best. You may have been accustomed to do your work in a different way, and so seem to her ignorant or stupid, because you cannot easily come into a new plan. You may be feeling unwell, and if you complain, she may think you make a great fuss about a small matter, and if you do not complain, she may never find it out, and so think you idle or aulky.

It may be, however, that your mistress, while very far from inteading to be unkind, has, from mere thoughtlessness, but little consideration for her servants. She may be taken up with various occupations, or engrossed with secret carcs and anxieties, for mistresses have often many trials to bear that their servants know little of. She may know but little practically of the work she requires to have done, and so be unable to judge fairly about it. If it happens to be a particularly husy day, possibly the parlour bell rings twice as often as usual: your mistress may forget some of the directions she had to give you, and so cause you

two or three extra journeys up stairs.

Or again, you may be unjustly accused of faults that you have never committed, and incur blame because no pains have been taken to find out the

Now, how are these hardships to be met? They seem to come upon you without any fault of yours, and unless you give up your place (which may not be the wisest thing to do) you cannot

But this we must consider on a future occasion.

JOE WITLESS;

OR, THE CALL TO REPENTANCE.*

This very interesting volume is the result of well This very interesting volume is the result of well apent moments in the season of deep affliction. It was written during a protracted illness, in the hope thus to redeem some languid hours, which could not be epent in more active service. The writer has done well, and we believe, confidently, that her humble hope will be realized; she has written for children a childlike, but not childish written for condered a consider, but on the data atory, calculated to touch the hearts of the little ones, and to guide them to the fold of the Good Shepherd. The simple, unaflected piety of the writer very favourably contrasts with the painfully writer very favourably contrasts with the painfully contentacious efforts sometimes—alas! too often—made in the name of religion. She writes as one who really feels the power of vital goodlines; writes, as one must write, who is looking to Jesus Christ for salvation both from the power and the penalty of sin. There is no idle gloss thrown over the natural corruption of the human heart; there is no compromise with the sentimental religion—if we may use the phrase—which seeks to bring God and no compromise with the sentimental reignon—it we may use the phrase—which seeks to bring God and man together, by making less of God and more of man, than is warranted by the Bible. We are by mature, and by practice, far away from God, treading the broad road that leads to destruction; and God's man call and the stream of the man of the ma

grace only can turn our steps into the way of peace, the blood of Christ alone can cleanse us from sin, the influence of the Holy Spirit can alone sanctify our nature; and while, indeed, it is true that we are admonished to work out our own salvation with fear and trembling, we must bear in mind the context of that very injunction, it is God that worketh in us both to will and to do

of His good pleasure.

The story of Joe Witless is that of the wicked and half-silly son of a praying mother. Joe's mother died when he was only six years old. When she was dying she had kissed When she was dying she had kissed him, and then shutting her eyes and clasping her hands, she said, "O, loving Jesus, take care of my poor, foolish boy; my poor boy, who has none else to care for him." Joe's father was still alive, but

Joe's father was still alive, but he was a very wicked man, and too fully realized what his poor wife described. When she was dead, he taught the boy to lie and steal, and to excuse these things to make himself appear more stupid than he really was, a mere idiot, unaccountable for his acts. And

really was, a mere idiot, unaccountable for his acts. And Joe became an apt popil: all the lessons of his mother were forgotten, and the villagers soon said of him he was the most wicked boy they had ever known, as well as the most foolish. Now, au infidel might have pointed at this case as a proof that God [supposing that he admitted that there was a God] plainly cared

nothing for the affairs of men, and that praying notating for the anarts of men, and that praying breath was spent in vain. But our answer to him would have been, Wait. God's time is not our time. Here is the promise—"Ask and ye shall receive"— will God break his promise?

All that the good people of the village and its neighbourhood could do for Joe, failed. Farmer Marsden had him at his house, and treated him very



JOE'S EARLY VISIT TO THE RECTORY.

kindly, but he was still incorrigible. Jones, the miller, caught him stealing, and flogged him soundly, but that did not mend him. But one Sunday afternoon, when Joe, divty and idle as usual, was leaning against the side of the public-house, a little girl, named Lucy Evans, on her way to church, saw Joe, and asked him to go with her. She had asked him before, but he had only laughed at her; this time she prayed God to help, and when she said, "Please, Joe, do

our earth on purpose to call sinners to repentance, and it was Jesus Christ who said, 'I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.'" Scarcely had he uttered these words when Joe started to his feet,

nan he uttered these words when Joe started to hister, and looking up at good Mr. Knox, shouted out, "Then, Joe be's alled to repentance—Joe be's a big sinner." It was the turning point in the boy's life. The mother's prayer was heard. From that day forth Joe was an altered character. But not without a struggle—not without much suffering was this change effected—it was thorough—it cost Joe

some hungry hours and much rough usage to escape from the sins to which he had been addicted. Nobody, it seemed, would believe in him.

One morning the Rector saw him, and began to talk to him, and finding he was very sincere—and withal in great distress—seat him on to the rectory, with instructions that he was to have some breakfast. Elated at this idea, and never having been taught proper manners, he announced him-self at the front door, by a loud rat-tat-tat, which so enraged the servant-maid, that she not only enough what a false-spoken boy he had been —but threatened to let the dog loose on him. —not intratened to let the dog loose on him. He and the dog were old enemies, and Joe ran away dreadfully frightened. So there seemed no prospect of anybody encouraging Joe to go on in the right way except little Lncy.

One day Lucy found him sitting by a clear pring of water, and evidently thinking seriously. She sat down with him, and he said to her:

"Joe's been a trying to think out a verse that ber that's dead taught him, about water and being thirsty; but it won't come back into his head aohow. Mayhap it be in Lucy's head?"

aohow. Mayhap it be in Lucy's head?"
Lucy's ready answer was, "if a my man thirst, let him come unto me;'" and when Joe replied,
"No, that doesn't be it, Lucy," she said, "Well,
is it this one?—'Whoso drinketh of the water
that I shall give him, shall never thirst;" and
Joe said, "That he's it, Lucy." Then she explained to him as her Sunday-school teacher had
explained to her—"When Joe wants water, he
is thirsty for it, and will try hard to get it. If
Joe wants Jesus, he will feel thirsty for Him.
Then if Joe will go to Jesus, he will never thirst
hadly again in this life; and when he gets to heaven
he will never thirst at all." To this Joe answered
"Joe does want Jesus, Joe does be thirsty - Joe does want Jesus, Joe does be thirsty for Him, and Joe thinks that him will be thirsty for Jesus for ever, and ever, and ever." "Yes, Joe,"

tor Jesus tor ever, and ever, and ever," "Yes, Joe," said Lucy, "but then it won't be a had feeling of thirst; it won't be like feeling thirsty in a desert place where there is no water, but only just like feeling thirsty beside a clear spring, as we are doing now, where we can drink whenever we like."

Thus, the higr prouch lad and the goalds medicated the processing the process of the control of the contro

Thus the big rough lad and the gentle modest child talked together of the Saviour they both loved.

We have no space to tell all that happened to Joe
before he was called to that Home—
where they hunger no more, neither
thirst any mure. The story throughout is full of iostruction—plain, practical piety, illuminating every page.
We heartily recommend it to the

attention of our readers. It is a book for children-and a book for

book for children—and a book for mothers, also—a home book, that old and young will do well to ponder. Of the pictorial illustrations which adorn the volume, the specimen we give will be sufficient notice. Their excellence speaks for itself.

THE FATHER'S TRIALS .- Perhaps, there are few sights in social life more painful, than to see, what is seen more than once in a generation, a hard-worked, over-driven father surrounded worsed, over-armen tather surrounded by extravagant children. Young ladies flaunting in brilliant silks, while he, in a seedy coat, measures his wares at the counter, and, with eare-worn lines on his brow, tries to make both ends meet which the same rich silks have pushed for a student. Young son however, which is the same rich silks have pushed for a student. far asunder. Young gentlemen riding handsome horses, and idling about at

handsome horses, and idling about at places of pleasure, while their father places of pleasure, while their father regularly as clockwork, bends over ledgers all day, and does literally nothing for his own proper recreation. All the work is his, all the play is theirs; and everyhody will admit that this division is not fair. We know more than one family thus situate: where increasing years increase the expense and the care on the bread-winner, and he in vain looks forward to that reposeful leisure which we are apt to set before us as the reward of toil.



come," Joe said he would. All dirty and ragged as he was, he followed the little girl to church, where the rector, Mr. Knox, was to preach to a congrega-tion of children. Joe scated himself on a bench right

in froat of the pulpit, and he was very attentive when sermon began. The text was, "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance," and when Mr. Knox had repeated the words twice over, he looked round at Joe, and said, "Jesus Christ came to

* Morgan and Chase, Ludgate Hill.

THE UNEXPECTED LEGACY:

"LIGHTLY COME, LIGHTLY GO."

CHAPTER IV.

LIZZY REMOVES TO "AUNT CRAMP'S" - MISTAKEN NOTIONS AND PALSE PRIDE-JOHN ISLEWOOD'S PRUITLESS EFFORT TO SAVE HIS DAUGHTER,

Poor Rose could only weep as she sat at the foot of the bed watching Eliza, as, with flushed cheek and basty hands, she tumbled her things into the old trunk; even the dress which had so annoyed her father, shared but little more ceremony. Rose knew by the peculiar expression of her countenance that she was in one of her most determined and obstitute moods, and that, nothing she might say would be of any avail; but while deploring her sister's infatuation, she could not help wondering how it was that her good father could have been induced, in so short a time, to draw so much of the Legacy as seemed to have been spent. was, that, unaccustomed to the management of more money than his weekly earnings, he had several times given his wife blank cheques for her to fill up, and given his wife brank energies for het to an apparent there was no doubt that she had done so to n heavy amount, as they had been enjoying luxuries they never had been before accustomed to; and as Eliza never had been before accustomed to; and as packed her clothes, many a very unbecoming piece of finery came to light. And it must be confessed, that, finding his home sourcd by discontent and murmuring, John himselt spent tou many evenings at the "Five Bells." However, before night, Eliza and her old hair trunk were established at "Aunt Cramp's" in Parchinent-street. It must not be supposed, that angry as John very naturally was with his youngest daughter, for her wild and undutiful conduct, he was indifferent to her future welfare; for as soon as he discuvered where she was gone, he went privately to Mrs. Cramp, and gave her to understand, that he required her to keep a watch over his daughter's proceedings, and to let him know if she were guilty bone; at the same time presenting her with a sovereign, which that lady speedily pocketed, promising to look after her "dear niece" with the utmost care, for, added she, "You see, Mr. Islewood, we are highly respectable persons ourselves, and above the common, though I say it, who shouldn't say it, and my 'usband and I, we have a character to keep up in our business—my 'usband is so very partickler." Mr. Cramp was foreman to a large grocer and tea-dealer in Jury-street.

Rose had sorrowfully accompanied her sister to Mrs. Cramp's, and wondered how she could have found the heart to exchange her position at home with those who, in spite of her faults, loved her dearly, for a cold, who, in spite of her faults, loved ner dearly, for a cou-formal little parlour about ten feet square, with compa-rative strangers; but Eliza seemed to have assumed quite a dignified manner, as she looked round at the little painted cheffionier, the looking glass with its gill traune over the tiny chimney-piece, the tawdry bit of carpet on the middle of the floor, and the circular centre table covered by a flaming scarlet cloth, rather spotted with ink to be sure, but decorated with a vase of paper roses and six small books, placed round it at regular intervals. Mrs. Cramp was quite obsequious in her reception of her "dear Miss Islewoods," as she ealled them for the first time in her life-at which Rose felt quite ashamed, and begged her not to do so. Eliza, on the contrary, drew up, saying, "Dear me, Rose, and why nut? And you'll please to get my hoxes up stairs, Aunt, while I step out and order in some groceries and things." Oh! she felt very grand indeed.

"Arn't you going home now, Rose?" she added. "I

sha'n't want you any more.' "Shall I not walk with you to the grocer's, Lizzy?" "Lor, no! do go home and let me alone-whatever "Lor, no: do go nome and let me aloue—whatever should you go be theiring about with me for; I sp'ose father and mother are hard at it, hammer and tongs, about me at this very minute, so you'd best go and see after them—I shall do very well. Never you fear." So Rose kissed the wayward girl and left her; who,

immediately she was alone, dressed herself in some of her finery and sallied forth to make her purchases.

"Who, on earth, can that be, with her sirs and graces?" said one of the young shopmen to the other, as Eliza went mineing out into the street.

"Ha-ha-he, don't you know, Tom? Why, John

Islewood's second daughter, that is; her father of Helder's men, you know-lives down in Middle Brook Street. Wonder why she had her things sent to Cramp's place!—seems queerish, doesn't it? and she's too grand to carry the parcel herself! A rum

sort of a go,"—said the man.
"What's that you are saying?" eried a voice from

behind the deak.

That young person is come to lodge with my wife,

—she is a niece of ours, a highly respectable young woman, let me tell you. So you had best take care what you say about her."

"Old 1 beg your pardon, Mr. Gramp; we meant no offence. I'm sure, sir, said the first speaker.

As hose was returning home she called in at a shop

which trequently supplied her active fingers with needlework, where she was detained nearly three quarters of an hour; and when she came out with her parcel, which was a large one, it had begun raining beavily, and the lamps were lighted. She was very anxious to keep the work dry, and was endeavouring, though ineffectually, to keep it under her shawl, which though memericany, to keep to indee dee stand, mutte the wind continually blew back, when Mr. Adams, the clerk of St. Maurice's Church, overtook her, and seeing her oilenma, kindly offered her a share of his large umbrella. "Thank you very much, sir," said Rose, uniorena. "I nank you very much, sir," said Rose,
"but I should be sorry to take you out of your way.
I dare say I can keep the parcel tolerably dry, and I
don't mind for mysell." don't mind for myself

"But 1 do, then," laughed Mr. Adams; "I cannot "But 1 da, then," laughed Mr. Adams; "I eannot let you get wet through, while I am the passessor of this famous old umbrella—so pray take hold of my arm, it will sletter us both very well. I think I know who you are," he continued; "you are one of Mr. Islewood's daughters, of Middle Brook Street—he who had a famous 1-b' this goon proposts bank".

fortune left him some months back.' Rose felt her cheeks burning; anything like notoriety was so repugnant to her feelings. But she replied, "Oh, yes, sir, I am his eldest daughter, and I wish to my heart we had never seen that Legacy, for it seems to have done us more harm than good.

Mr. Adams was silent a minute, and then added, in a kindly voice, "Ah, how true it is, that riches bring care. I suppose I ought not to ask in what way it has brought trouble to you; but I fear I can guess at one the 'Five Bells,' is it not?"

Poor Rose's heart was full, and tears were falling from her eyes as she sighed, "In part you are right; sir; but that is not all. Indeed, I am very unhappy."

Mr. Adams was shocked at having given her pain, and tried his best to southe and console her; and when she arrived at her father's door, he shook hands with her, bidding her a friendly good night, and begging her not to give way too much to grief, for that after the darkest night there often arose the fairest dawn.

Mr. Adams was a steady, respectable individual, verging on the sober age of furty, a fine looking, wellgrown man, with dark expressive eyes, and though by trade a saddler, on a limited scale, had hold with credit the situation of parish clerk at St. Maurice's for many He had a poor old blind mother to support, to whom he was devotedly attached, and kept a girl to attend upon her; but though this was a heavy expense to a man whose hu-ioess was not extensive, he managed to avoid debt and make both ends meet. He recollected having met John Islewood on one of those rare occasions when he visited the "Five Bells," more out of friendship for the landlord, Mr. Bellows, whom he had known ever since they were boys together, than for the small amount of liquor he took there; and perfectly remembered the night when he was one of the two men present at the reading of the notable adverti-ement, which brought to John his Legacy; he could also call to mind the remarks made by John, relative to the walked home, he could not get Rose's sensible, though homely, face out of his mind.

Very often in the solitude of her chamber, was Rose wont to take from her drawer the curious old Book, so much despised by the rest of her family-it seemed to possess quite a charm for her. Every minute she could spare, from her needle or household employments, she spent in the study of its quaintly-written pages; and many a text of Scripture contained in it, and many a pious maxim was laid to heart, to be remembered as a rule for her future life. At first she experienced much difficulty in deciphering the characters, so peculiar were they; but this very difficulty seemed to atimulate her to fresh exertions, so that, after a while, they nut only became easy to her, but fraught with a

deep, religious, interest.
"Whatever can our Rose find to like in that dingey old Book, is a mystery to me, father," said Mrs. Islewood, as she lazily pursued the knitting of a stocking, which never seemed to make any perceptible progress. "When she read some of it out to me one day, I told her I thought she could read texts out of the Bible in nice printed letters much better, and where was the good of earing about a pareel of old sayings, just like some our grandmuther used to put out to us; 'but, mother, says she, 'I can mind them better when they are all set down separate, in the way she says them, and the sayings are all very sensible and good, and I should be glad to my heart never to lorget one of them.'

When Rose left her sister, and returned home, Mrs. Islewood asked very little about Eliza; and Rose could not help feeling that she was more comisant of her proceedings than she wished to appear—and the next morning, when her husband was gone to his work,

she paid her a long visit.

Nothing further, worth recording, occurred for several weeks, when, one morning, John happening to go down Parelment Street, and accidentally turning his eyes towards the window of the room his daughter occupied, what was his astoni-hment and indignation, at seeing her sitting at the table, drawing; while, a showily dressed young man, with formidable whiskers and monstache, was bending over her. Into the room John dushed at once, and in no gentle terms rated Eliza soundly for her folly, and desired the somewhat astonshed drawing-master, as he appeared to be, to "leave the house, as no daughter of his should make such a fool of herself, if he knew it;" and Eliza, smarting under the double shame of being discovered in her new blue lama dress and chenille hair net, being only the daughter of a working man, and not an ind pendent young lady, as she had given him to understand, flew into such a passion, that the elegant Mr. Alonzo Dameryue was glad to make a hasty retreat—when Eliza rushed up into her bedroom and locked herself in. There she gave way to her rage and mortification, in floods of tears, There she gave working herself up to believe that her father was her worst enemy in trying to prevent her rising to a superior position in life, by her accomplishments and beauty. John walked swiftly home, after rating Aunt Cramp for her neglect of his injunctions respecting his daughter; and when he related to his wife and Rose the ridiculous way in which he found his Eliza employed, to say nothing of the questionable propriety of her proceedings, he could hardly talk of her with

common patience.

Meanwhile Rose ran upstairs for her honnet, and went to Mrs. Cramp's without a moment's delay; hut she could gain no admittance to Eliza, who told I get away and leave her alone. "Go home again-not I, indeed," she called out through the door, in answer to Rose's persuasions to return home with her.

"It was a downright shame for her stupid father to come there and disgrace her before Mr. Damergue, and she might go back and tell him so, for what she cared."

Sadly, indeed, did Rose leave the house, weeping and mourning for the sinfulness of her who could thus despise her own family and home, and speak in such unwomanly, undutiful terms of a parent : she knew that, from Eliza's tone of voice, she was in one of her most obstinute moods, and that further remonstrance would be vain and useless. She could only offer up a heart-felt prayer, that she might be led to see her error, and humbly and thankfully accept the lot which God had appointed her. She knew it was hopeless to apply to her mother, as, if she did not openly take Eliza's part, she never would oppose her; and on this occasion she had heard her say, that "if the girl was handsume and clever, she was right to make the most of it." Rose was too good a daughter to venture to cast a thought of blame on her mother. She only felt that she wished she could see Eliza's conduct in a different light; but, after a while, John became calmer, and sent Mrs. Islewood to desire her daughter to come home. Mrs. Islewood certainly went, and had a long conference with her; but, when she returned, she only said that Liz, was going to stop where she was, and they had best let her be; and John, unhappily, after his excitement had subsided, gave way to the temptation of forgetting his vexation at the "Five Bells."

THE BREAD-WINNERS AND BREAD-EATERS.

WHAT do the bread-caters owe to the bread-winners? Home, and comfort, and oftentimes luxury. Naturalists have often admired the steady affection of the old robin red-breast, who will bring his gaping fiedglings food more than a hundred times in a single hour; has wings have no rest during their needs. It is nour; ins wings have no rest during time needs. It the parental instinct to work hard for one's offspring, nor spare one's-self in nught. Do the children think it is all for them—all, or chiefly, on their necount when papa comes home fagged and weary after his day in the city, and complains of an aching head or tired limbs? What do they owe that kind hard-working father? Surely all submission, all obedience, all doings that can please him. It has been observed, that rarely that can piease nim. It has been observed, that rarely or never does son or daughter really repay to the parent in love and duty what the parent has lavished on the child. We fear it is true. Oh! the hours of anxious tending in infancy, the wakeful nights, the unselfish remains in manery, the waterul nigues, the unsential giving-up of pleasure or favourite pursuits, the toliful training and teaching, the years of close self-denying care, that some of us have cost our parents! And sometimes I hear with unazement a man commended because he allows from his abundance a pension to his old father; a woman praised because she is kind to her aged mother!—The Christian World,

KATE RAYMOND.

KATE RATMOND and her lover were standing in the cool summer twilight just outside the door of her mother's cottage in the little garden, so full of roses, and sweet scent; but, for all the peacefulness of the

calm and happy seene, her tears were falling fast.

"Why should you believe all the idle tales you bear against me, Kate?" he said, pleadingly.

"But you do not deny it, Charles—do you?"
"Yes, I do deny it, and if you will only show me
the backbing fellow who has been telling you tales,

I will make him deny them too—see if I don't."

"I have heard two or three people say it of you, They did not know I was standing so near Charles. that I could hear every word; and I thought my heart would break as I listened. I came away at once, and I have not spoken one word about it since, not even to mother, till now to you.

"Tell me their names, Kate."

"Tell me their names, KARE,"
"No, Charles—attleas not now while you are angry.
If you tell me that it never was so, I will believe you, and he bappy again. Now, tell me!" And Katelonked up into the young man's face with such true, trusting eyes, that his own drooped, and he could not repeat the untruth.

"I don't say I have never taken too much to drink, but I say (and I'll stand to it, Kate) that I'm no drunkard. I may have been short-taken once or twice, as the best of men may be at times, but I defy

my worst enemy to say worse of me."
"But, Charles, good men never get drunk."

"Haven't you seen Tom Davis drunk scores of times, and yet hasn't he a nice little house of his own times, and yet has it is a lines little house of his own now, and a happy wife; and was any one daring enough to say I was as bad as he?"

"But he repented bitterly, and God has helped bim to lead a new life. He is a changed man everyway."

"Well, I can give up touching a drop of spirits. I can do more than that for your sake, Kate."

"At God helpin with the company of the compa

"Ask God to help you, dear Charles, and don't try

to do it in your own strength?"
"You'll soon see that I don't mean to give one of them a chance of telling their backbiting stories of me again. I wish I had my hand on the fellow's collar who told the story first. I'd soon shake an apology

"If the one who said it first was really an enemy of yours, and wanted to injure you, you ought to be patient with him for Christ's sake, and remember how patient He is with us; but he was a friend of yours, Charles, and spoke very kindly."

"Then, if he was a friend, should he not have come

like n man, and spoken to me face to face?"

"Yes, he should, that's true for you, Charles; but kind people are not always wise."

"I call him a cowardly sneak, whoever he is, and it would do my heart good to tell him so." "Speak softly, or mother will hear inside."

"Speak sorty, or mother will near inside."
"Well, Kate, you shall never hear the like story
again. So believe me, and be happy once more.
Promise me you will be happy."
"Yes, Charles, I will. I believe your word."
Poor Kate! She believed him, as she promised,
and was bann, but sh! kill kery as a strength." and was happy; but all she little knew as yet what power the love of drink can gain over a man. How the power gains and gains in strength, slowly but surely, till the whole man is enslaved,—how the healthful appetite fails, and the craving thirst increases, itill it seems as though the wasting human frame eashrined a demon, whose ceaseless cry is "Givel givel" for drink to quench the fiery thirst that nothing can slake. Poor Kate!

"No. William Johnstone. I will not listen to you. He gave me his word that he would not drink again, and I believe him, I know Charles will keep his word with me," said Kate—as she stood at the end of the village street, holding her little sister by the hand—to William Johnstone, who had stopped her. "Send

to William Johnstone, who had stopped her. "Send the child on a hit, and listen," he said, earnestly. "Go on, Minnie, up the street, home, and I'll follow you in a moment, pet." And the child did as she was told. "Now, William, what have you to say, don't keep me, for mother is waiting for what I have in the basket.

"I'm sorry to trouble you with it, Kate; but it's the

"I'o sorry to trouble you with it, Kate; but it's the truth, and you ought to know it."
"Tell me quick, then." And a shade of anxious doobt passed over her face as she spoke.
"Charles is drinking now at the 'Plough.""
"I cannot believe it, William, indeed."
"Walk down the street with me, then, and you'll see with your own eyes. You don't wish to walk with me? Go by yourself, then; though I wish you'd

take my word for it, that he's there, and spare yourself the pain of such a sight."
"No, William, I'll go myself; if he's there, it is

"Xo,

right I should be quite sure."
"I am sorry for you, Kate, from my heart." And the kind young man turned away as he spoke, so as to leave her perfectly free to follow her own inclination. She stood still a moment after he had left her, and litted up her heart in prayer for condort and strength, and then walked down the street quietly towards the "Plough."

She was stopped by a young woman of her own age, who guessed where she was going, and her errand,

from her pule face, perhaps.
"Don't go, Katie," her friend said, laying her band

on her dress.

on her dress.

"I must go, Mary," she said, with trembling lips.

"Don't—I saw William speaking to you, and he told you what your young man was about, I guess; be needn't have told you either. Some folks will be too basy by half, always; but I will say this for William, he tried all he could to stop him going io with the rest of that bad lot-he nearly pulled him out by the sleeve, and the other turned on him as violent as you please. There now, you needn't go on-what would you do among all the meu? 'twould

be no place for you to go in."
"I'm not going in, Mary; but I must go as far as

"Well, I'll go with you." So the two girls walked on about a hundred yards together, to the door of the public-house, and stood an instant; but in that iostant a sound broke on their ears that made Kate shiver. A drunken voice was trolling out a verse of a drinking song, and at the end a loud chorus of other voices came in—all tipsy and out of time.

Well, she knew the leading voice—poor Kate!
"Come along, Kate. We've heard enough of their
goings on for one evening, and it's getting late."
"I will, Mary;" but Kate stood as though she

"I will, Marry; but have second to be beard nothing, its late."
"Come, Kate, its late."
"Where?" said Kate, for her thoughts were not of the clearest, under the sudden stroke.
"Where girl? Why, home, of course, where else? I'll see you home first; come on, some of them will be coming out sooo, and they wouldn't be pleasant to meet."

Kate did as she was bid; hut, oh, what a thought it was to her that Charles was in such a state that she should be afraid to meet him. Afraid of him who ought to be her best and truest protector in

"He promised me so!" the poor girl said.
"A man who drinks has no word, child—'tis only stily to believe bin; be cannot help himself, poor fellow. If he was my young man, wouldn't I scold him, wouldn't I, though, just."

"It would do no good, Mary—scolding never does."

Charles knew by Kate's sad face next day that she was aware of his behaviour of the day before. So he began at once,-

"I know I deserve the worst scolding you can give

me."
"Did I ever scold you, Charles?" she said, sadly.

"Did I ever scold you, Charles?" she said, sadty,
"No, indeed; but I wish I could only tell you
how much I am ashamed of myself—I wish I could."
"Would you have me marry a man, Charles, who
has cause to be ashamed of himself? Could I
respect a man who cannot respect himself? And
could I ever be happy with a husband I couldn't
look up to? I couldn't, I know."

"You don't mean to say you're going to throw me

overboard?

"I cannot marry yon, Charles."

"Not marry me, Kate?" Do you want to break
my hear?

All the world's against me, and I'm
sore vexed with myself, and I looked to have a little comfort from you." "Indeed, I dare not, Charles; we should only be miserable together."

"It was only once in a way; indeed, Kate, if you'll helieve me, I give you my word most solemnly that I'll not touch a drop of liquor again."

Hope revived for a moment in her heart, as she

the definition of a month in her near, as she listened to his promise so earnestly spoken, but even then Mary's words came to her mind, "The man who drinks has no word," and she thought of the terrible risk, and dared not run it.

risk, and dared not run it.

"I dare not listen to you, Charles; it would be
worse for both of us if I married you."

"I'll go to the bad entirely, if you give me up,
Kate: there'll be nothing to stop me if I hav'nt got
you to think about; but for you I'd drink myself to
death in a month." She shuddered at the awful words
—but the risk! the risk!

"If you've such a longing for drink, love of me wouldn't stop you; it didn't stop you vesterday. The love of God in your heart, Charles, is the only thing to save you from this sin and, till you have that, nothing else will help you."

"Don't break with me, and set me despairing, Kate!"

he pleaded; but she covered her face with her hands, and turned her weeping face aside.—"Trust me once more!"

"I dare not. If you repent, if you grow steady, and come to me again, then, I won't say 'no', Charles; but now I must say it, and you must not try to change me, for I dare not change."
"You never loved me, Kate!" he said, hotly.

"Oh, Charles! You know I did, and do."
"I'd give nothing for that sort of love, so take it back again, and you're welcome to give it to the first that comes, for all I'll try to stop you, Kate; you'll not be troubled by me any more. So own I'm off to the '!'llough, to spend the afternoon; and mind, twas you sent me there." And with these cruel words he left her.

"Have I done right? I ave I driven him to despair?" she asked herself many and many a time that day; but through all the confusion of her mind, one thought came clearly,—"Could I ask God's blessing on it, if I married him?" And she felt that

she could not

She told her good mother all, before she slept that

"You have done right, my child," her mother said. "Remember the verse, 'Be not un-equally yoked together with unbelievers,' and this sorrow may e you many a sorer one in time to come. told over and over again that we are not to put ourselves in the way of temptation. If your husband took to drink after you married him, then you should bear with him, and pray for him, and do all you could to lead him better, but you've got no call to run ioto trouble with your eyes open.'
"Tis a sore trouble, mother!"

"Yes, my child, but the good Lord knows that, and He'll help you."

"You've done a pretty thing for yourself, Kate!" said Mary, the next time they met. "Such a fine young man as Charles isn't going every day; and young until is cauties six going every dry; may such wages as be has, tool and such a nice little house. Well, you are silly! There's not a young man in the world that doesn't get into a bit of a scrape sometimes."

One short month after, the news reached Kate that Charles and Mary were going to be married— and married they were. Kate had a sad heart enough as she woke not the morning of their wedding day, and sadder yet when the bells of the old parish church went peal, peal, at eleven o'clock; but the answer of a good conscience is a good thing, and she had that, and she had what was better, a sure trust in the mercy of the heavenly Father, who or lers all things for His children in love. So she did not carry about her a sad heart long; in fact, she soon began to wonder at her happiness. She went cheerfully about her daily work, and seemed to get through it so quickly and well, that her mother would tell her so quiexly and weil, that her mother would tell her over and over again, what a blessing she was to her. Then her little sisters were always having to thank her for some little kindess she had shown them. "Oh, Kate, you have made my frock so nicely,"

"You have made my old bonnet look as good as new, sister Kate; how very good, and clever you

"Kate has knit me four pairs of stockings, and I was just wanting them—so much." So the little ones would talk, and she could not but be pleased with their grateful pleasure.

with their grateful pieasure. So the days went on, and as they did, her peace seemed to grow and deepen. What peace is like theirs in whose hearts the peace of God, which "passeth all understanding," rules? What peace is like theirs who have within them the answer of a good conscience toward God and man?

good conscience toward God and man?

She knew she had done right in refusing to be Charles's wife; and before many months passed over, she saw that she had done wisely—saw it, how sadly!

She was passing the "Plough" one evening rather late, after having taken some plain work she had done, home to a lady; when she heard da loud noise in the public-house. There was evidently a drunken fray going on—just then one man pushed another violently out of doors, both were intoxicated. authout violently out of doors, both were intoxicated, the outside one stupidly so; the other not only pushed but struck him on the chest, and he fell backwards, striking his poor bewildered head violently on the flagway.

A glance showed her that the fallen man was Charles. Charles! but how changed. The shabby, disordered dress might have misled her, but that she custortered caress might have misted her, but that she knew the face too well. Blood was flowing from his mouth and ears, as he lay. The man who had struck him was evidently alarmed; and, partly sobered by fright, he stood leaning heavily against the pillar of the door, and staring stupidly at the prostrate form before him. Kate stood for a moment transfixed with horror, and then moved towards the man who lay as if dead, and with trembling hands loosed his necktie. She was rising to get water to sprinkle his face, when she heard a voice at her side, and turned to see William Johnstone standing by.

"I saw it from the end of the street," he said.
"Leave him to me, and I'll see about him, and have

bim carried home.

"Is he dead, do you think?" asked Kate, with pale lips, that almost refused to move. William stooped, and put his hand to his heart.
"No, it is heating," he said, and at the same

moment the noconscious man drew a heavy breath,

and then breathed on neavily.

"He is alive, you see, Kate; but there is not a minute to lose; well carry him into the tap-room here, and send off for the doctor instantly. This is no sight for you; go home and pray for him, that's all you can do. You might call in, though, and break it to his poor wife. He's got concussion of the brain, I fcar, but the doctor will tell us soon." Kate turned

fear, but the doctor will tell us soon." Kate turned away to do as he had asked her.

"What a sad story to have to tell his poor wife!" she pitifully thought, as she tried to frame it so as least to shock her. "I need not say he is much hurt, till the doctor has said so," she decided, but at best it was a sad story to have to tell.

"Fallen and hurt, is he ?" cried poor Mary, when she heard. "No wonder! I sit at home expecting sad nows of him every night—he is jout drinking every.

sad news of him every night—he is out drinking every evening. I wish he was dead, and I was dead too, and out of this miserable life; it would be better for She forgot, poor Mary, that death brings the ainner no rest.

sinner no rest.

One short month after this, and Kate hecame the happy wife of William Johnstone. Such a happy home as her's is, such a good husband, such a nicely furnished little cottage, such a pretty little child as her boy is, you don't often see. No wonder Kate is the cheerful young woman heis. Ask her if she is quite happy, and I think I can tell you ber answer, to a word. "Happy? Yes, thank God, I am happy as the day is long." I think her husband, and the baby too, would say the same thing in their different ways.

WORKING MEN'S CLUB AND INSTITUTE. WURKING ALEA'S CAUGE AND INSTITUTE. THERE is no doubt about it that a good husband and good father, with a good wife and good children, is never so happy as when he is at home. But it would not be mentally or morally healthy for a man to spend all his leisure hours in the company of his wife and children, and, more than this, it would not be conducive to permanent hanciness. A wife has spenu at ms resure nours in me company of his wife and children, and, more than this, it would not be conducive to permanent bappiness. A wife has much to do—many household cares to see to—after the good man returns from his daily work. While she is thus occupied he is, plainly, best out of the way —when she is quite ready for him, he should he ready for her with such news and general information as he has been able to pick up. It would never do for him to sit and say nothing—there is no ne in his talking if he has nothing to say; let him, then, store his mind with all that is likely to be instructive or agreeable, and make himself as pleasant as the opportunity is long. What will help him to do this? Certailly not going to the public-house and discussing the points of the Charter over any number of pints of ale. But if he could find a place where be could healthily discuss any question of inherest, where he could "read up." where he could readly improve his mind without damag-

any question of interest, where he could "read up," where he could really improve his mind without damaging his body, it would be the best thing for him and the best for his wife. To supply such a want is the object of the Working Men'a Club and Institute Union. On this subject we cannot do better than quo to some of the good things said by the Lord Bishop of London on the late meeting of the Union. Said he: "A difficulty had sometimes been raised with regard to these dustitutions—that they separated men from domestic title. A similar difficulty had even occurred with refere to similar institutions amongst the higher classes. It had been urged by Lord Lyttleton, that such institutions amongst the higher classes had now, by an experience of some thirty or forty years, been proved not to have amongst the higher classes had now, by an experience of some thirty of toty years, been proved not to have had that had effect. But still it remained a question, if they and the standarded a working man to spend his evening no public, whether they did not necessarily withhold had had great experience in these matters in the west of London, stated her opinion in one of the reports, that such was not the working of the system; but that by withdrawing men from the public-house, they gradually gave them a higher taste, and induced them

more highly to prize the quiet pleasures of home; so that it might actually come to this, that like many other good intentious, this one might gradually prepare a way for something better than itself. And if they considered it to be the best state of things that a man should spend his own time with his own family, this should spend in so with time with his own taking, dis-institution might be the means of preparing him the better to understand and appreciate the blessings of a comfortable, happy, and Christian home. He was sure that there was nothing so likely to displace the sure that there was nothing so likely to displace the misery and abject misery which existed throughout this country, as comfortable, happy, Christian homes amongst the working and lower classes, in which the rising generation should be taught good habits, and be thus saved from many, at least, of those causes rising generation abould be taught good babits, and be thus saved from many, at least, of these causes which tend to poverty and destitution in large populations. A lady working in Westminster gave like cridence to Mrs. Eayley, and he was glad to find that this institution was promoted by the active exertions of ladies as well as by those of the rougher sex. This lady said: 'It is a constant occurrence for wives and children to tap at the club-room door about suppertime, when members' names are called out, and in a short time the summons is obeyed, and the man goes home to bis expectant family. How different before the club was opened, when entreaties at the door of home to be expectant ramily. Two uniteria, before the club was opened, when entreaties at the door of the public-house were met by oaths, curses, and even by blows. 'He, therefore, thought that this objection was found not to have very much weight, but that the more they encouraged these institutions the more they would foster domestic habits amongst working men."

WOMEN WORKING FOR WOMEN.

THE Ladies' Diocesan Association is doing good service to British Workwomen. Some of the most distinguished to British Workwomen. Some of the most distinguished ladies in the realm are practically identified with its movements, and are labouring and praying with commendable zeal for the welfare of their poorer sisters. One feature of the Association strikes as as peculiarly acceptable to right-minded, industrious women-mamely, that it HELPS THOSE WHO ARE ANNIOUS TO HELP THEMSELVES—that it does not destroy the sense of independence by the indiscriminate almostring of "my largh vonitful." By the exertions of the Society a considerable number of young women have been able to emirrate, and thus permanently secure for them a considerable number of young women have been able to emigrate, and thus permanently secure for themselves a respectable position in life. The demand for female assistance in our Colonies is increasing, and those who go out—under proper guidance—cannot fail to do well. If they are disposed to marry they are sume to find good bushands, or it must be their own fault. The matrimonial statistics of Victoria show that between the ages of 20 and 40 there were \$4,000 bachelors, while there were only 15,264 spinsers for them to choose from. But putting the question of matrimony aside, women—work women are specially needed in our Colonies; and while we do not advise any to emigrate who can secure a comfortable subsistence in the mother country, to others, who find this next to the mother country, to others, who find this next to impossible, our British Settlements are the land of

The Ladies' Diocesan Society has not only assisted workwomen to emigrate,—it has done much for those who remain at home. There is now a less demand than formerly for the services of needlewomen, owing to the introduction of machinery. A society for the employment of needlewomen has been established; one chiest home, to progress sowing machines for reame object being to procure sewing machines for young women, and another to assist those who were too old women, and mother to assist those who were too old to learn, by finding out some other work for them. At a recent meeting of the members of the Association, the Bishop of moden spack words of excellent counsel, the Bishop of the specially worthy of notice. He said:—

One someting the a blessed thing if me could succeed in impressing upon young pirls the desirableness of a life of honest industry. If, under God's blessing, the Ladies' Diocesan Society is able to do this, how great will be the work achieved,—how will it add to the lustre of the Redeemer's diadem.

HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY.

HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY.

OUR beloved Queen has been continuously active for the working classes during the last month. On the 14th instant, Her Majesty surprised the immates of the Consumption Hospital, Brompton, by a visit. Attended by the Duchess of Roxburghe, Lord Alfred Faget, Colonel the Hon. Arthur Hardinge, and Dr. Jenner, Her Majesty walked through the four "galleries," called respectively the "Victoria," the "Albert," the "Foulis, and the "Jenny Lind," entering many of the waste speaking to several of the patients who we have also also speaking to several of the patients who was and sympathisting looks. Her Majesty with which as the shade of the library after which she visited the kitchessen apparatus for a well as with the larder, and despendent the provisions, the Queen appead much interested. Her provisions, the Queen appead much interested. examines the venum seron containing the signatures of the late Prince Consort and of the distinguished visitors who were present at the laying of the foundation stone of the new building by his Royal Highness on the 11th June, 1844. During her somewhat lengthened visit the Queen narrowly inspected all the

arrangements, and by her numerous questions manifested much interest in the charity, which has long been honoured by the Royal support and patronage. On the 15th, Her Majesty paid a visit to the General Lyingch Hospital, York Road, Lambeth. The Queen was received at the entrance by Park and Treasurer, Barr V. P., Mr. T. L. V. P. C. Charles Hutton and Dr. Charles Hutton and Dr. Charles of the physicians, and Mr. Thomas Heary Smith, the Secretary. Her Majesty passed through the various wards, and evineed great interest in the health and welfare of the patients. Her Majesty afterwards wrote her name in the visitors' book, and on leaving the hospital expressed herself greatly pleased with all that came under her notice. The charity was instituted in 1765, and has continued to be an asylum for the wives of poor industrious tradesmen and mechanics, who, from misfortune, are incapable of bearing the expenses incidental to child-birth, and also for the wives of soldiers and sailors.

nor one waves of solutiers and sailors.
We feel assured our workwomen will regard with especial interest these two visits of Her Majesty; they mark with great force how deeply their welfare is cared for by our good and motherly Queen.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Manta's" enquiries will he hest answered by reference to our advertising column. We are personally uninformed as to the relative excellence of Sewing Machines, and on that accountive published two letters which she will find at page 128 in a previous Number.

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